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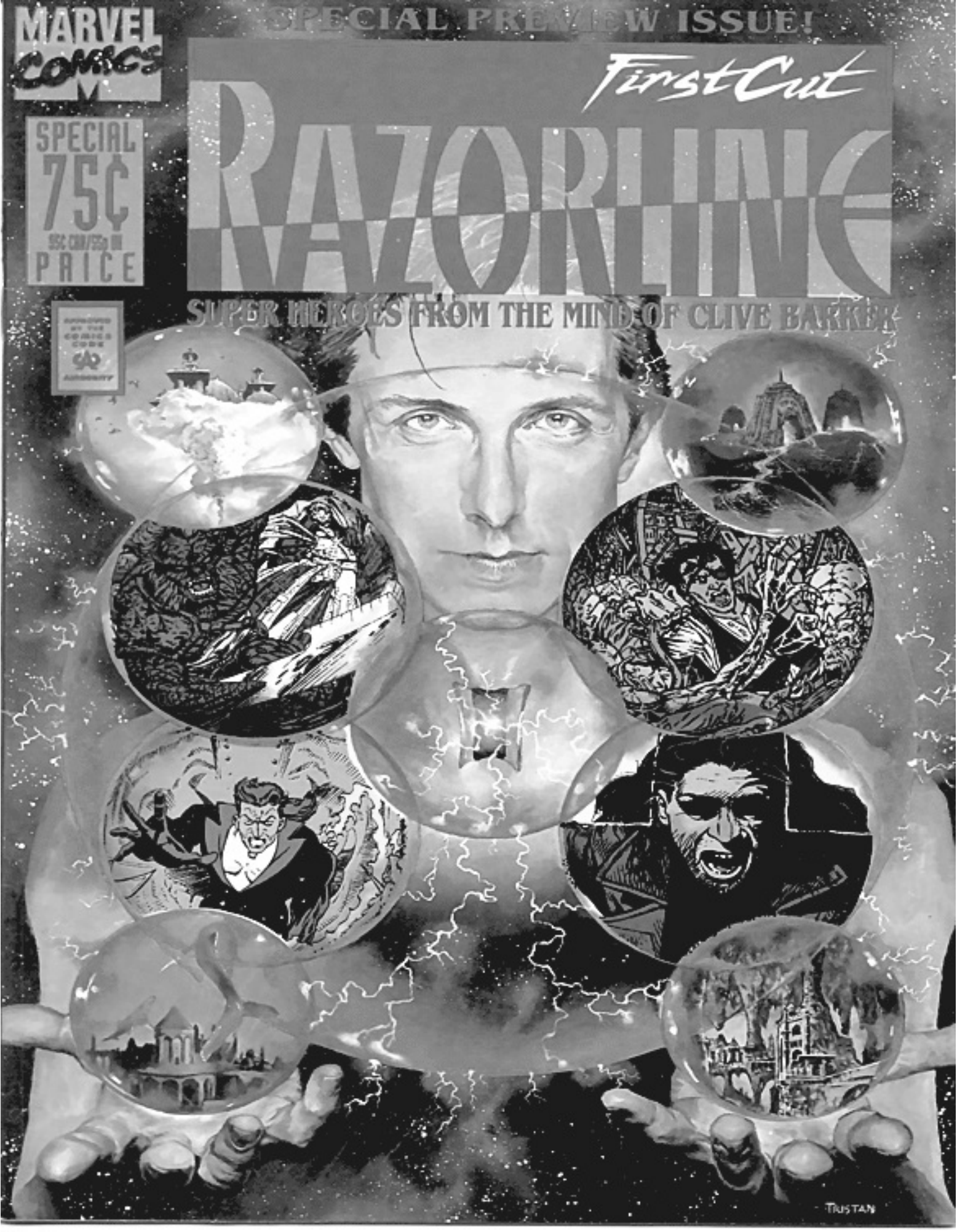
MARVEL COMICS
SPECIAL PREVIEW ISSUE!
SPECIAL 75¢ PRICE
First Cut
RAZORLINE
SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF CLIVE BARKER
TRUSTAN

CLIVE BARKER ON RAZORLINE

If ever their was a medium made for over-achievers, it's comics. Where else can a creator make mischief on a cosmic scale; tell tales in which worlds rise and fall in the space of a few panels , where battles may shake the stars, and every emotion—grief, joy, rage, hope—is felt and expressed on a mythic scale?

Here no excess is shameful, no villainy too damnable, no love too selfless, no joy too transcendent. Given the chance to create a new universe for these excesses to flourish in, who could turn down the invitation? Not this writer.

Hence, the Decamundi, a series of ten New Worlds where dozens of characters who have never before existed outside my fevered imagination are ready to erupt. The stories and mythologies we are creating for you are, I promise, without precedent in my creative life. There's nothing here you will have seen in one of my movies, or read in one of my novels or short stories. The Barkerverse has been created specifically for the comic-book page.

In it, you'll find super heroes a'plenty, and villains for them to tangle with; there'll be species of Humankind and Hyperkind you've never dreamt of before; there'll be phantoms from the Ectosphere, and Gods who gamble with the fate of our planet, and magic and mayhem and miracles. . .

And all this is just the beginning.

In the upcoming months the Barkerverse is set for a Big Bang, as new characters, titles, and worlds are added to the four that will be in your hands this Summer.If you find too many of the New Universes being touted around by the competition look suspiciously like old Universes with a half-hearted lick of paint, come with us on our journey into the wilds of the Decamundi. We will take you on the ride of your lives. And isn't that why we all go to comic books in the first place, to be transported?

Enough. I've got a dozen continents to name and a star system to create before I'm done for the day. It's a tough job playing God, but somebody's got to do it. . . .

— Clive Barker

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HaCsA ~ nom deplume ~

Hokum & Hex

Hokum & Hex is a modern take on an ancient subject: the shaman - hero who stands at the doorway to another dimension, guarding the earth from forces that attempt to pass through that portal and wreak havoc amongst us.

Instead of choosing the Magician from the Tarot pack, it's the Fool who is our contemporary hero: the Fool, granted powers that he doesn't understand or know how to properly use, who is nevertheless our only hope in dark and dangerous times.

This is Doctor Strange meets the Comedy Channel meets Aliens. An unholy alliance of magic, monsters and maniacal mayhem that will hopefully revive the fortunes of the magician as wit and wonder-maker, the man who wins his battles with imagination rather than brute force, and whose humanity—magnified through the powers he's been accidentally granted—is the thing his enemies fear the most, because it's unpredictable, irrepressible and finally, a sign of the divine.

Trip Munroe is the great-grandson of one of Vaudeville's forgotten stars, "Sweet-Tooth" Munroe, whose routines were legendary in their time. Now Trip is following in "Sweet-Tooth's" footsteps.

He's become a stand-up comedian. It's a disastrous decision. His fiancée has left him. His bank balance has never been worse. And...nobody thinks he's funny.

But Fate has plans for Trip. He's about to become a master magician possessed of extraordinary talents. He's about to face an invasion from another dimension that is even now underway. He must wage war against the powers that will soon sow grief and insanity throughout the world; against warrior-grotesques called the Corpii—some of the dirtiest and most brutal fighters in the Ten Worlds. But Trip has power, a vast array of absurd weapons—Munroe's ephemera—to help him in the fray.

From now on, sometime stand-up comedian, failed lover and insomniac Trip Munroe will be a defender of Earth. He will travel the Decamundi looking for magical allies in the struggle; he'll meet his great-grandfather's spirit, and learn how comedy expresses the healing spirit of the Cosmos; he'll do stand-up routines for deities, and ride his unicycle through the fires of the Neobys.

The old order of pseudo-archaic spells and high-falutin' symbolism is over. Welcome to the magic of the nineties—comical and brutal, surreal and cynical, dark and... ridiculous.

BY CLIVE BARKER

HOKUM & HEX
IN THE CATHEDRAL OF FELON BALE, THE WARRIOR-GOD HAS COME TO WORSHIP HIMSELF.
TALK ABOUT EGO.
BUT... FELON BALE IS A GOD -- ONE OF THE TEN ON THE TEN WORLDS KNOWN AS THE DECAMUNDI.
THIS IS HIS WORLD, THE NEOBYS, A WARRIOR WORLD -- THE PIT OF THE DECAMUNDI. LARGELY HARSH, LARGELY BARREN, DOTTED BY POCKETS OF RELIGIOUS ARCHITECTURE AND GAMBLING DENS.
IMAGINE LAS VEGAS, WITHOUT A SENSE OF HUMOR.
THE WARRIOR GORKILL CORPUS WATCHES SILENTLY, ILLICITLY, SEEING WHAT HE SHOULD NOT.
FOR DAYS, FELON BALE HAS BEEN PREPARING FOR HOLY WAR. THIS RITUAL IS PART OF IT. GORKILL AND HIS BRETHREN HAVE HEARD OF "THE RESOLUTION," BUT NONE HAS BEEN SO BRAVE OR RECKLESS TO STEAL IN AND SEE IT FOR HIMSELF.
AND NOW, CURIOSITY MAY KILL THE CORPUS... OR HE MAY SIMPLY END UP WITH AN AMUSING ANECDOTE TO TELL...
CLIVE BARKER • creator
FRANK LOVECE • writer
ANTHONY WILLIAMS • penciler
ANDY LANNING • inker
JOHN COSTANZA • letterer
KEVIN SOMERS • color
Have you heard the one about... FELON BALE?

HE'S ABOUT TO DIE, THAT ONE ON THE ALTAR. THAT'S ALL WE KNOW.
THAT, AND HIS GUARANTEE OF HEAVEN FOR HIS SACRIFICE. SO GO THE TEACHINGS.
I SUPPOSE THAT'S A FAIR TRADE -- ESPECIALLY SINCE FELON BALE'S INVOLVED. THE SACRIFICED PROBABLY GO PEACEFULLY.
MY MINION, MY FOLLOWER, MY CHILD, MY SON. MORDANT CORPUS, YOUR NAME WILL BE RECORDED ALONGSIDE THE DEITIES OF THE DECAMUNDI!
FROM THIS LIFE, THIS SHELL -- YOU WILL HAVE ETERNAL SALVATION.
I LOVE YOU, MORDANT CORPUS.
I KNOW AND LOVE ALL MY FOLLOWERS.
YOU ARE NOW A SACRED PART OF "THE RESOLUTION." YOU ARE HONORED. YOU ARE JOY AND ECSTASY INCARNATE!
LET THE RITUAL CLIMAX! LET THE RITUAL CLIMAX!
LET THE RITUAL CLIMAX!!
HOOPTI!

THE MOMENT OF RESOLUTION HAS ARRIVED!
GATHER THE CORPI WARRIORS! GATHER THE FOLLOWERS OF FELON BALE!
PREPARE TO SPREAD MY HOLY WARRRRRD!
FELLOW GODS OF THE DECAMUNDI, I SEEK ONLY TO SAVE THEIR SOULS. BLUE PLANET HAS DESCENDED INTO MORAL DECAY.
THEY CELEBRATE DEVILTRY. THEY KILL THEIR UNBORN. THEY DEVASTATE THEIR FAMILIES BY SENDING THEIR FEMALES TO WORK.
HELP ME SAVE THEM FROM THEMSELVES!
--THIS, THEIR CHOSEN DEFENDER-- IN OUR MOST RIGHTEOUS CRUSADE!
GRANT ME, PLEASE, THE WISDOM AND STRENGTH TO VANQUISH THEIR CHAMPION--
SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS-- A HOLY WAR.
WELL... DYING IN BATTLE WILL GET ME TO HEAVEN JUST AS GOOD AS BEING SACRIFICED HERE.
-UGGH- WHAT A WAY TO GO.

I'VE SEEN WHAT I CAME TO SEE. TIME TO-- WHOOPT! OH NO--
--OH NO--
--OH NOOOOO!

WELL... THAT'S IT THEN.
LOOK! THERE! INFIDEL!
DELIVER YOURSELF TO FELON BALE! NOW!
GORKILL CORPUS!
YES, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
I KNOW ALL MY BELOVED CORPII. I AM YOUR GOD.
GORKILL... MY GORKILL... MY OWN...
I WILL NOT HARM YOU. MORDANT CORPUS WAS SACRIFICED ONLY FOR THE RESOLUTION. IT IS A RITUAL, A SYMBOL OF MY RESOLVE. FOR IF I CAN SO DESTROY AND DESECRATE ONE OF MY OWN, WHOM I LOVE--
--THEN IN WAR, I CAN MAKE ANY OTHER DECISION I MUST.
WE DO NOT KILL FOR THE SAKE OF KILLING.
WE KILL TO BRING WORLDS CLOSER TO THE TEN TRUE GODS.
DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE TEN TRUE GODS?
...YES.
GO NOW, GORKILL CORPUS. YOU WILL LEAD THE FIRST EXPEDITIONARY FORCE. RETURN WITH BLUE PLANET'S CHAMPION... AND I WILL GRANT YOU THE HONOR OF HEAVEN, LIKE YOUR BRETHREN CORPUS TODAY.
ALWAYS KNOW... FELON BALE LOVES YOU.
I'VE LEARNED THINGS TODAY. IMPORTANT THINGS. THINGS I CAN USE.
NOW WE GO TO WAR AGAINST BLUE PLANET. WAR IS WHAT I DO. WAR MAKES OPPORTUNITIES.
AND I KNOW I HAVE TO BE READY FOR THE UNEXPECTED, IF I'M EVER TO GET AHEAD!

TO BE CONTINUED IN HOKUM & HEX #11

"It's called Hokum & Hex," Marcus said, grinning at the weirdness of the name. "It's super hero, except funny, but not silly-funny. And it's got some magical stuff in it. Clive calls it Dr.-Strange-meets-Comedy-Central. So," he said, "I thought of you."

Hmm. Now the last things I'd done for Marcus at that point were a pair of really grim and depressing Hellraiser stories that people said made them want to cry. Yet Clive, Marcus assured me, had seen Atomic Age, my Epic Comics miniseries about flying saucers in wacky 1950's L.A., and had liked the "dark edge." So I read Clive's series description.

Wow.

This three-page synopsis was so imaginative, so original, so...weird. It was unlike anything I'd seen in comics— as formula-free and off-kilter as Northern Exposure and Seinfeld are to television, yet just as entertaining and accessible. (The other three Barkerverse concepts, I later found, were just as amazing and fresh.)

Which still leaves the questions: Who is Hokum, and who is Hex?

Nobody. As with the titles Strange Tales or Marvel Comics Presents, "Hokum & Hex" is a notion — comedy and magic, humor and wonder, the ridiculous meeting the fantastic for lunch. All this stuff is embodied in poor schmuck Trip Munroe, an outsider who doesn't know how to handle all this new power and responsibility, no more than you or I would. He's bitter about things in his life, disappointed by other people, betrayed by women he's had the bad luck to fall in love with. And for all that, he's kept his sense of humor and his appreciation of the absurdities.

Believe me, that can be all the weapons and the magic you need in this world.

On the other hand, you and I aren't trying to fight off Corpli warriors by using demonic rubber chickens.

— Frank Lovece

Saint Sinner

Saint Sinner is perhaps the most challenging (not to say the strangest) of the first four Razorline projects: a comic that will hopefully stray where few mainstream titles have gone before. It is not a traditional super-hero title, though its protagonists—and most of its antagonists—will possess extraordinary powers of one kind or another, but then neither is it intended as a horror or fantasy title. Perhaps we're best thinking of it as a book of Shaman's tales: journeys into the darkest and brightest regions of the imagination that will touch on folklore, urban legend, religious mythology and and pop culture in equal measure.

Personifying this stew of influences is the eponymous hero—Phillip Fetter, Saint Sinner—a man containing both the very worst and the very best of moral possibilities, and who is constantly striving to maintain a balance between the two. His associates—the infantile giant Bull Baby, the collage woman Mishmash, and Kento Canto, the inter-dimensional acrobat—are occasionally fellow adventurers (and constant residents of the Saint's Mansion in the Vertesque), but Fetter's journey, like the agony of paradox which is his very life, is finally an experience he must share only with a few thousand readers....

It begins at midnight, with Phillip Fetter, an innocent man who has been driven to commit arbitrary murders by a psychotic spirit called the Runesmith, an invisible entity who constantly whispers in Fetter's ear.

Fetter almost murders his own father and mother, but resists in the nick of time, and throws himself into a river to put an end to his miserable life. But he's dragged out by a strange woman called Regina. The Runesmith still resides in his

head however, and in his confused state, Phillip doesn't have the will to resist the malicious spirit's orders. He murders Regina, whose body blazes white as he does so. Her essence—or rather *its* essence, for Phillip has murdered an angel—enters him, trapping the Runesmith in Phillip's soul.

Phillip learns to draw on the powers in him, discovering that the presence of two contradictory spirits has awakened extraordinary talents. He can advance or regress any living form, speeding up its evolution massively or returning it to its primal state. This is a dangerous skill, however. For one, he as yet has no control over the power. For another, the evolved or regressed form may be more dangerous than the form he touched in the first place.

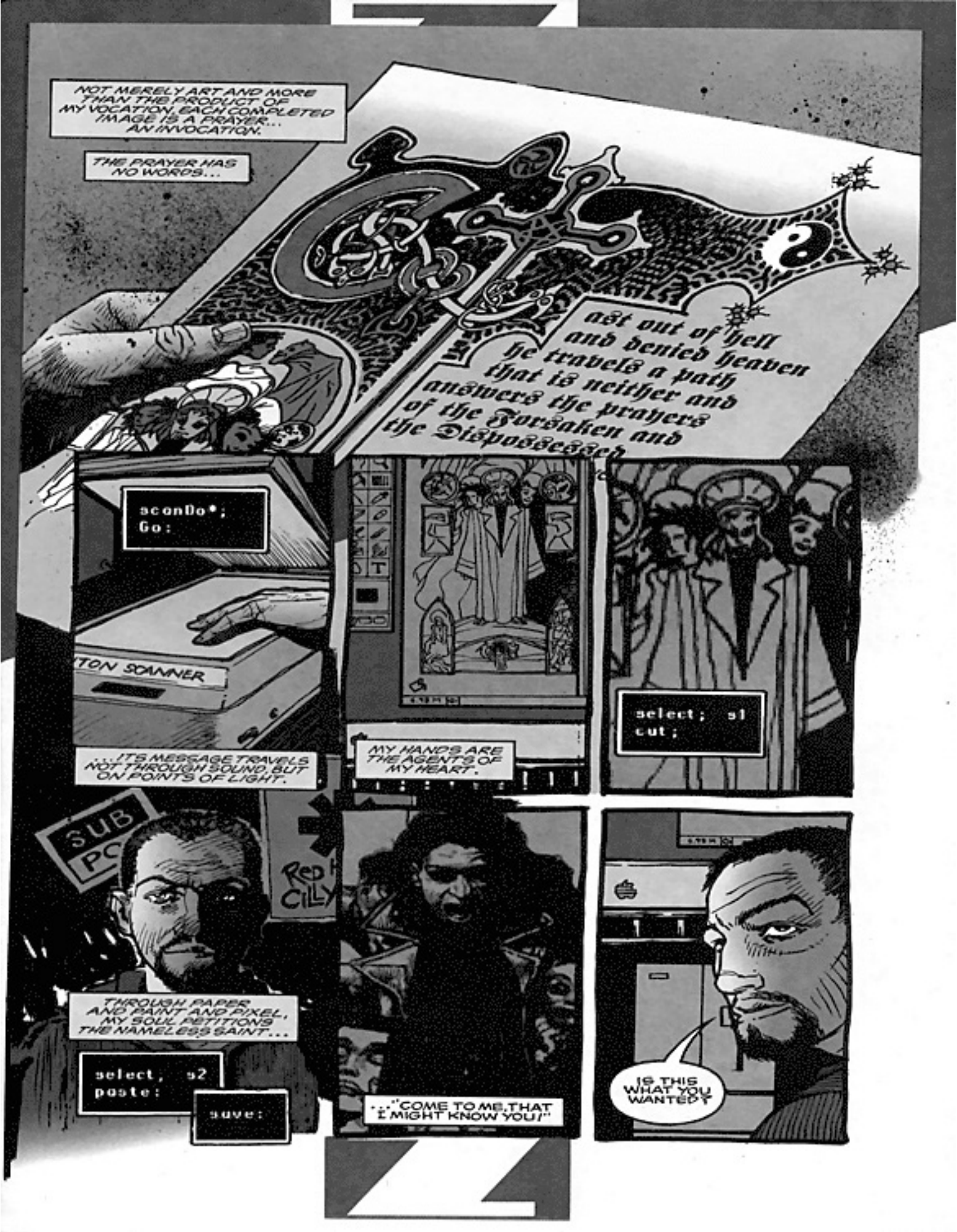
He finds that his old life is untenable, exchanging it for a new life as Saint Sinner, a kind of patron saint of lost souls. He has, he realizes, a chance to change lives for the better, but if he misuses his gifts he could readily do more harm than good, so he has to tread carefully when he answers calls for help. There is a dark side to him - a side hungry for evil - and it must be controlled, or else tricked into submission. And it, in its turn, will prove manipulative as the months go by, time and time again attempting to blur the lines between good deeds and bad as tales of Saint Sinner's power spread throughout the Barkerverse.

Saint Sinner's legend even reaches the Earth. In the slums of Rio and Bangkok, in secret chapels at Lourdes, a new name has been added to the list of saviors. He appears surrounded by creatures in the process of being transformed; he has a halo and a forked tail, and he is known by many names, but most eloquently perhaps as The Man Who Walks Between. Whether this will prove to be a blessed or a cursed condition only time, and our tales, will tell.

BY CLIVE BARKER

SAINT SINNER
LIKE MY BROTHERS BEFORE ME, I CARRY ON THE WORK IN SOLITUDE AND IN SILENCE.
IT IS OUR TRADITION. IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN OUR WAY.
NOT MERELY AN ART AND MORE THAN A VOCATION, MY WORK IS SACRED DUTY...
CREATOR · CLIVE BARKER
STORY · ELAINE LEE
ART · MAX DOUGLAS
LETTERS · JANICE CHIANG
COLORS · CHRISTIE SCHEELE
...RECORDING THE LIVES OF SAINTS.
ONE SAINT, OF LATE HAS BECOME MY PASSION. HE IS LITTLE KNOWN... REJECTED BY THE ORTHODOX.
...."THE MAN WHO WALKS BETWEEN."
HE IS COURT OF LAST RESORT, LEAST OF EVILS, THE FIRE WITH WHICH THE FIRE IS FOUGHT. HE IS THE NAMELESS ONE, THE PATRON OF LOST SOULS, KNOWN ONLY TO THE DESPAIRING AS...

WHEN STILL A BOY, THE SAINT WAS TAKEN BY A DEMON AND FORCED AT THE DEMON'S BEHEST TO COMMIT FOUL MURDER.
THE DEMON, AT LAST, BADE HIM KILL HIS PARENTS, BUT HE DENIED THE SPIRIT AND SPARED THEM.
IN DESPAIR, HE THREW HIMSELF INTO A TORRENT, BUT WAS SAVED FROM DEATH BY A STRANGE, DARK WOMAN.
HIS STRENGTH EXHAUSTED BY THE ORDEAL, HE COULD NOT RESIST THE DEMON'S COMMAND THAT HE KILL THE WOMAN.
BUT, THE WOMAN WAS AN ANGEL. HER FIERY SPIRIT BURNED INTO HIM, SEARING BOTH THE DEMON AND ITSELF TO THE FABRIC OF HIS SOUL.
BOTH ANGEL AND DEMON WAR WITHIN THE SOUL OF THE SAINT, LOCKED IN BATTLE FOR ETERNITY FORCING HIM TO WALK A PATH BETWEEN THE TWO.


NOT MERELY ART AND MORE THAN THE PRODUCT OF MY VOCATION, EACH COMPLETED IMAGE IS A PRAYER... AN INVOCATION.
THE PRAYER HAS NO WORDS...
...set out of hell and denied heaven he travels a path that is neither and answers the prayers of the Forsaken and the Dispossessed
scanDo*; Go;
...TON SCANNER
...ITS MESSAGE TRAVELS NOT THROUGH SOUND, BUT ON POINTS OF LIGHT.
MY HANDS ARE THE AGENTS OF MY HEART.
select; s1 cut;
SUB PC
RED HOT CILLY
THROUGH PAPER AND PAINT AND PIXEL, MY SOUL PETITIONS THE NAMELESS SAINT...
select; s2 paste;
save;
...."COME TO ME, THAT I MIGHT KNOW YOU!"
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED?

YES.
SO, THE ORIGINAL GOES TO...?
...THE PRIVATE COLLECTED LIBRARY OF THE RENEGADE THEOLOGIAN...
...AND THE ALTERED VERSION WILL BE THE ALBUM COVER FOR THE BAND.
I'LL HAVE TO PAINT THE ORIGINAL, OF COURSE...AND DISTRESS IT. UNLESS HE THINKS TO HAVE IT DATED, HE SHOULD BUY IT AS THE REAL THING. IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?
JUST ONE THING...
...THIS!

THE GATE!
YOU'VE HELPED ME-WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
...UH... MAKE ME FAMOUS?
APRIL 14TH 1993...
THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED?
THIS IS TOMORROW'S PAPER. THE REPORT ON YOUR DEATH WILL BRING YOUR WORK THE ATTENTION IT DESERVES.
ARTIST D
REAK FIR
An expert in iconography and rare book illumination, artist Frank Kelly died today in a freak fire that ravaged his downtown apartment building.
Oddly, most of his work survived the fire. Collectors have begun bombarding his bereaved family with phoned-in offers for his work, proving
MY WORK WILL BE FAMOUS, BUT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, I WON'T BE ABLE TO CLAIM IT?
YOUR OLD LIFE IS FINISHED.
YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU PRAY FOR.
LY STAR
YOUNG ARTI
N FRE
TO BE CONTINUED IN SAINT SINNER

Phillip Fetter is an all-too-human sixteen-year-old who has a kind of divinity thrust upon him. He is possessed, first by a demon who drives him to a spree of murders, then by an angel. The angelic entity balances and keeps the demon at bay and the three personalities form a Trinity, a union ruled uneasily by the boy's human consciousness. This three-part man is called Saint Sinner. Through the two entities he gains the power to advance or regress any life form to a higher or more primitive state and the power to pass between worlds, using dimensional gates.

Saint Sinner is not an immortal, though his life-span is greatly extended by the fact of his living in a timeless dimension. Interestingly, he has lost nine years of his youth (while being tortured by the demon's brothers in another dimension known as the Amen!) so that, while he appears to be a man of twenty-five, he only has the experience of a sixteen-year-old. On the other hand, he has much direct knowledge of the Earth and of other worlds that comes to him through the entities. Imagine a really smart kid with under-developed social skills, teenage insecurity, an adult body, and incredible power over any living thing.

Lucky for us, he's basically a good kid, a bit gloomy, perhaps, but trying his best to control a fantastic power and two entities at war in his mind. Sometimes he succeeds. Sometimes, lacking the skill and experience that comes with age, he allows his underdeveloped emotional side to unleash his power in a destructive way. This is most likely to happen during those times he feels "in control"... when he is denying the demon inside him.

But he will have to learn to give the demon his due.

—Elaine Lee

HYPERKIND

Hyperkind is unequivocally a super hero title, with a twist. The New Heroes, the Hyperkind, are four young people who have taken on the mantle of a much older band of champions, called Paxis. They are literally stepping into the shoes of men and women who were trained to fight the forces of evil, but whose commitment to justice became tainted by the sheer power they could exert, and whose relationships with each other were so weakened by jealousy and interpersonal politics that they were eventually wiped out-not by the strongest of their interstellar enemies, but by one of the weakest.

The driving forces of Hyperkind will be action and interpersonal drama, the latter lent scale and complexity by the weight of responsibility laid upon four young shoulders. All this, and twenty years' worth of old enemies—the creatures from around the Ten Worlds of the Barkerverse who were bested by Paxis in its old incarnation—and who are determined to revenge themselves on the Neo Paxis while they are still wet behind the ears, and thus easy prey.

Once there were heroes in the world, and there were none greater than Paxis. Who was it who saved the planet from the hordes of Mandamus Thermakk, the Lawgiver from Quo? Paxis. Who was it who devised a means to defend us from the tiny, myriad legions of Elzovir, when they invaded from their miniature world? Paxis. Who put such masters and mistresses of cruelty and destruction as Novus Tic, Iconak and the Delirio Wraiths out of commission? Paxis.

And where is Paxis now? Gone, to rumor and legend and dust. But now a new generation rises to take their place, in the midst of a mystery, and into a world of raw action.

It will take many adventures for the Neo Paxis to fully comprehend the

powers that they have been granted, but each is best paralleled with a level of human consciousness. George Yaneda has become a creature of pure instinct, a wild man who has a telepathic connection with untamed living things. Dyan Delight has become a dream manipulator, able to "read" the unspoken devices of sentient species, and call forth physical manifestations of those dreams. She is a mistress of the surreal, and surrounds herself with the detritus of other people's unconscious. Lisa Moffit will become the balanced heart of Paxis as time goes by; the one who attempts to reconcile its various factions. She has gained Eschbacher's ability to fly, to endure all manner of elemental extremes, and—most importantly—to use any physical object as an extension of her own body. She is, in essence, the ultimate tool-user. Kenny Zambetti, a sometime college drop-out, has inherited an intellectual grasp which astounds him. He is the mathematical aesthete of the group: the one who can calculate to the thousandth point the likelihood of any eventuality. But his skill has more practical applications. He is able- by the most precise calculations- to find the weaknesses in a seemingly impregnable enemy. He is also able to clear his mind of all but pure calculations, at which time his consciousness becomes physical: an icy, lethal weapon.

The central mystery of the Hyperkind is one at the core of the Barkerverse. What happened to the original Paxis? And why does no one in the world remember their legend?

The answers to these queries lie in a secret war fought decades ago, wherein two warring alien nations used Earth as their battlefield, and in the evil genius of the psychotic Paragon John, whose hatred and jealousy of the heroes who fought have driven him to become the most powerful man in the world—and a deadly enemy to all Hyperkind.

The Hyperkind will meet these challenges with more than fists and fury. Their skills, as I've said, represent aspects of human consciousness, and as they mature in their roles they will come to better understand the spiritual nature of their task. Somewhere up ahead—maybe five years from now, maybe fifty—humanity is going to take an extraordinary evolutionary leap. They are the first, fragile hope for that new kind of humanity: an experiment in heroism. If it succeeds—if the second Paxis prospers where the first self-destructed—then humanity has a future. If it fails, then the enemies of our species—the many entities who would prefer us to stay locked in our selfishness, stupidity and self-deception because it better serves their plans to destroy or enslave us—will have the sign they need, and the years that humanity has left will dwindle to a handful, and finally—all too soon—to nothing.

BY CLIVE BARKER

"SHE--SHE TOLD ME HER NAME WAS LISA... AND SHE CAME HERE WANTING TO CHANGE HER LIFE...
"... INSTEAD SHE JUST MAY END IT--AS I HAVE ENDED MINE."
BACK OFF! THE OLD MAN MAY HAVE BEEN EASY PICKINGS, B-BUT NOW YOU'VE GOT ME TO DEAL WITH!
DON'T BE A FOOL, GIRL! YOU CANNOT FATHOM THE DANGER IN WHICH YOU'VE PLACED YOUR WORLD!
NOW YIELD, OR DIE AS HE DID! YOU'RE NO PAXIS WARRIOR--
--AND I'VE NO MORE TIME FOR CHILDISH GAMES!
DON'T LISTEN TO THERMAKK, LISA! YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE--
--AND NOW I'VE GIVEN YOU THE POWER TO DO IT!
"EVEN AS SHE SEETHES WITH THE FORCES WHICH TRANSFIGURED HER, I FEAR THAT WHATEVER HER BRAVADO, WHATEVER HER NEWFOUND ABILITIES, SHE'S DOOMED TO FAIL, AS I HAVE."
PAXIS
RIPPER
HYPERKIND
WITH THANKS TO MARK PACELLA
7
4

RETURN WHAT YOU'VE STOLEN, GIRL! THAT POWER WAS NOT ESCHBACHER'S TO GIVE!
ONLY THOSE CHOSEN - THE TRANSCENDENT FEW - CAN WIELD MY PEOPLE'S MIGHT!
IF THAT IS WHAT IT TAKES...
KRAK
...THEN SO BE IT!
"I KNOW SHE WILL FAIL, AS WE DID, SO LONG AGO, AS I KNOW THAT IT'S MY FAULT."
WHAT HAVE I DONE? SHE'S NOT READY. NOT WORTHY!
I THOUGHT IT WAS A DREAM... MY HALF-MEMORIES OF FIGHTING TO SAVE THE EARTH FROM ALIENS ... MY LIFE AS A HYPERKIND...
...BUT IT WAS TRUTH, NOT FICTION!
THE ANKH-KEY HELD THE POWER ALL THE TIME!
"MUST I LEAVE THIS LIFE KNOWING MY SEARCH FOR WORTHY SUCCESSORS HAS BEEN IN VAIN--
--KNOWING THE POWER RESTS IN HANDS THAT WILL SURELY END IT ALL?"
BOOM
BOOM
AND SINCE YOU DON'T CHOOSE ME--
YOU'LL TRAMPLE ME INTO THE GROUND. IS THAT IT?
YOU'RE NO THREAT, CHILD! SEE THAT, AND LIVE! ALONE, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

BUT SHE'S NOT ALONE!
THANKS FOR BUYING US TIME, SISTER -- NOW LET'S TAKE OUT LIZARD-BREATH BEFORE HE CAN DO ANY MORE DAMAGE!
IT'S CLEAR A DIRECT COURSE OF ACTION IS REQUIRED. HIS VIOLENCE MUST BE DETERRED.
SO MUCH IS CLEAR -- SO MUCH THAT I NEVER UNDERSTOOD BEFORE...
YEAH, WELL, UNTIL WE BUST UP BIG, MEAN, AN' GREEN HERE -- KEEP THOSE NEW REVELATIONS UNDER YOUR HAT!
HAT?
"THE GIRL LISA AND HER FRIENDS... THEY MAY MEAN WELL...
"... BUT I CAN'T LET THEM WIELD THE LEGACY UNGUIDED!"

"I... CAN'T DIE... NOT YET...!"
WAIT... THE KEY! MAYBE I CAN--
AAAAAAAAGH!
GOD HELP THE WORLD... YOU CHILDREN... WILL HAVE TO... SUFFICE...
MORE OF YOU WHELPS?
HOW MANY OF OUR POWERS DID YOU STEAL?!
SHOK
ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU!
MORE'N ENOUGH FROM WHERE I STAND!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU CUT IT AGAINST SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE!
THREE AGAINST ONE THERMAKK!
I THINK WE'VE EVENED THE ODDS...
THINK AGAIN, YOUNG FOOLS...
"THINK AGAIN-- IF ONLY I COULD--
"--THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP THEM...
...STRENGTH... AND GRACE... MY HYPERKIND?...
"...EVEN BEYOND DEATH!"

AS THE SOUL OF THE AGED WARRIOR FLEES HIS DYING BODY, TAKING REFUGE WITHIN THE ALIEN TECHNOLOGY WHICH ONCE TRANSFORMED HIM...
...THREE YOUTHS—ALTERED BY FORCES THEY HAVE YET TO UNDERSTAND...
...DO BATTLE WITH A SOLDIER FROM ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM...
...A BATTLE THAT WILL ALTER THE FATE OF OUR WORLD.
HE...HE'S DEAD! YOU HAVE KILLED HIM!
BUT YOU WON'T KILL US!
I'VE TRIED REASON... FORCE... BUT IN THE END, YOU HUMANS ARE TOO TENACIOUS!
I WILL UNDERESTIMATE YOU NO LONGER!
BUT UNSEEN, THE WARRIOR'S SPIRIT MOVES EVEN BEYOND DEATH, LEAVING HIS MIND FREE TO WONDER:
"WITH EARTH SO LONG UNTOUCHED BY HYPERKIND, IS THERE ANY WAY FOR THESE CHILDREN TO CONQUER THERMAKK!?"
ARMATA, LOGIX, AND AMOKK—SOON TO BE JOINED BY A FOURTH NEO-PAXIS TO BE CALLED BLISS—ARE ALL THAT STAND BETWEEN OUR WORLD AND OBLIVION...
...BRAVE TEENAGERS STRUGGLING IN A WAR THAT'LL CHANGE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT HEROES, FOREVER!

TO BE CONTINUED IN HYPERKIND #1!

"Kirby meets Giger in King Tut's tomb...."

That's how I first described the Paxis Laboratory to Paris Cullins. And that, in a nutshell, is what **Hyperkind** is here to deliver.

Jack Kirby (king of comics) is action—dynamic, no-holds-barred, bigger than life. Kirby is Marvel: an enthusiasm for new heroes and new gods, for all too human emotions blown up to galactic dimensions. Stan and Jack laid claim to that territory some thirty-odd years ago when they created the Marvel Universe and you and I came back to their bold worlds each week, each month, with captivated glee.

H.R. Giger (production designer on *Alien*) is transformation—stunning, horrific, beyond all scope. Giger is that strange power from the depths of us that grabs our imagination and refuses to let go. Like Clive Barker himself, Giger is reclaiming the darkly glowing dream realms— and you and I are lucky to be treated to those creations.

And what of King Tut's tomb? That, my friends, is myth, lineage, youth. Amokk, Armata, Logix, and Bliss: four teenagers from Los Angeles—two from the streets, two from the well-to-do suburbs, but all with youthful enthusiasm (some would call it naiveté) and a desire to change their lives for the better. They are what some would call "Clinton-era heroes." They are **Hyperkind**. Welcome to their world.

—Fred Burke

Ectokid

The Ectokid is a dark fantasy comic with a fourteen-year-old boy as its hero, a marriage of supernatural adventures with very worldly concerns.

While its hero—Dexter (Dex) Mungo is not a super hero in the strictest sense, but the book nevertheless has the energy and bravura of a superhero title. The villains set against Dex are larger than life (so to speak) and the dilemmas he faces in the Ectosphere (the Ghost World, where Dex has considerable power) have dire consequences for the sanity and safety of ordinary mortals.

It begins with Dex Mungo having one of his "attacks" again: blinding headaches and a blurring of his sight that began a little under a year ago, when he turned thirteen. His sickness is the latest in a series of personal catastrophes that have dogged Dex since birth.

Dex seems to see the world differently when the attacks seize him. His right eye (which is controlled, of course, by the left side of his brain) sees our world—architecturally speaking. His left eye sees a world very similarly (the doors, wall, windows in much the same place) but with sometimes subtle, sometimes dramatic differences. All the structures appear encrusted, until they resemble a

coral reef. And they are haunted too: countless forms, some remotely human, many not, seem to occupy this other space: The Right Eye world.

From his mother, Josephine Mungo, a hospitalized clairvoyant whose psychic dabblings have contributed to a complete mental breakdown, Dex discovers his shocking origins. Josephine, a fledgling clairvoyant, brought a ghost through from the Ectosphere—the dimension of ghosts that exists in the same physical space as ours, but beyond the comprehension of our meager senses. That ghost, Leo Mellhart, fell in love with her. After a forbidden liaison, her lover was soon dragged back into the Ghost-World by the Etherites, the mysterious spirit police whose job it is to pounce upon such transgressions.

But love has its consequences. In this case, the consequence was a child (named Dex as a shortened form of ambidextrous); a child who would grow up to have access to two worlds—the Here and the Hereafter, the living and the dead.

The Ectosphere is not just a world of ghosts; it is also the home of entities known in this world as poltergeists and imps, succubi and incubi, furies and possessing spirits. For someone who is half of the Here, of the Living World, it is a dangerous place. Dex's soul will be very succulent to the evil entities of the Ectosphere: a morsel, ripe for consumption.

At the core of Dex's story lies a mystical device created by his father—the Aurat—a device which will offer humanity entrance into the Ectosphere. Leo Mellhart was murdered by an alliance of interests for whom such a prospect was more chilling than thrilling: The Expurgatorius, an unholy alliance of representatives of the Church (who have a vested interest in keeping knowledge of the Hereafter to themselves); political forces (who wish to keep humanity from any greater sense of its own destiny), and criminal elements have their own agenda. They will own the device and the power it possesses, at any cost.

Endangered on Earth by agents of Expurgatorius, and pursued in the Ectosphere by forces who will do both him and his father terrible damage, it is a perilous adventure he has begun.

But along the way he will encounter friends stranger and more bizarrely talented than any he could have met in the Here; he'll discover his own innate strengths (and weaknesses); become a hero amongst ghosts; and finally, of course, discover his father and share the secret which can literally change the world....

BY CLIVE BARKER

Tetsuo Kid
CREATED BY CLIVE BARKER
WRITTEN BY JAMES ROBINSON
ART BY STEVE SKROCE & BOB DVORAK
LETTERED BY GASPAR
COLORED BY JOHN KALISZ
A BLANKET OF WHISPERED RUSTLING HAS FALLEN OVER THIS PLACE. THE HUSH SHATTERED INTERMITTENTLY BY OLD MAN BULLFROG... SO BIG THAT HIS CROAK SOUNDS LIKE A DOG'S BARK.
THE LOUISIANA BAYOU AT NIGHT.
AND DEX MUNGO LOATHES IT...
YO, THE HOUSE. IT'S ME... I'M BACK.
HE'S A CITY BOY WHO HATES THE GREEN. PAVEMENT GREY AND BRICK RED ARE HIS FAVORITE COLORS.
YET... WHENEVER HE'S WORRIED AND NEEDS ADVICE, HE COMES TO THIS PLACE.
DEX! DEX, BOY! LORD, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YO' FACE.
FOR HERE LIVES MAMA BEAU.
SURPRISE THO', THIS LATE N' ALL, FOR YO' TO BE OUT, MUST BE SOMETHIN' AILIN' YO MIGHTY BAD.
YEAH, AS EVER, I'M TROUBLED, I COME TO YOU. AND BOY, AM I TROUBLED.
IT'S A DREAM I HAD, MAMA. A DREAM.
"YOU KNOW MY LIFE... SINCE MY MOTHER WAS PUT AWAY.
"LIFE OF MISCHIEF. LIFE OF FUN. ORLEANS, MY PLAYGROUND. PICKING POCKETS AND THIEVING. SMALL CRIMES. JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP FOOD IN MY BELLY AND JAZZ VINYL ON THE TURNTABLE.
"A GOOD LIFE, I TELL YOU. SWEET. HAVE ME A HIDEAWAY NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT. THERE I CAN BE ALONE WITH MY MUSIC AND MY THOUGHTS. THERE I'M SAFE.
"AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT... UNTIL I HAD THAT DREAM."

"IT...THE DREAM BEGINS FINE. I'M IN A STREET. FAMILIAR... IN THE "QUARTER". IT'S NIGHT, BUT I FEEL SAFE, 'CAUSE I KNOW THE CITY SO WELL.
"ANYWAY... SOMEONE'S PLAYING A MEAN CLARINET AT OLLIE'S IN THE ALLEY YONDER. A BIT THIN ON THE HIGH NOTES BUT STILL KINDA COOL.
"I THOUGHT I'D GO HAVE ME A LOOK-SEE. SCOPE THE TALENT, N' MAYBE HAVE SOME OF THAT CRAB THEY COOK SO GOOD THERE.
"BUT THEN I BLINK... AND... IT'S LIKE CHANGING CHANNELS ON THE T.V.
"AND... AND SUDDENLY...
"...CLARINETS AND CRABMEAT ARE THE LAST THINGS ON MY MIND.
"I WAS IN THE SAME STREET AS BEFORE. BUT... I WASN'T. IT WAS WEIRD... IT WAS...
"IN MY HEAD... THE MUSIC I'D HEARD... HAD CHANGED. NOW IT WAS A WOODEN XYLOPHONE, BADLY PLAYED. THE RHYTHM WAS WRONG... OUT OF... TIME... DRUNKEN.
"THEN I REALIZED I WAS LISTENING TO THE HOOVES OF A COACH AND HORSE."

LOST, YOUNGSTER?
MAY I OFFER YOU ASSISTANCE? A RIDE? CLIMB ON BOARD.
"SO I DID. I FIGURED MY DREAM... MY IMAGINATION WAS GOING TO TAKE ME WHEREVER IT WANTED, ANYWAY. MIGHT AS WELL SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE SCENERY."
THE NAME'S FISH, ALBERT FISH.
"WHERE'S THE HARM?"
TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO NEW YORK STATE? I HAD A HOUSE IN WESTCHESTER FOR A WHILE. LONG AGO, OF COURSE. BACK WHEN THINGS WERE... SIMPLER.
I... DON'T KNOW... DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM.
ORLEANS, OF COURSE. THE ORLEANS OF THE ECTOSPHERE. THE ORLEANS OF THE DEAD.
AM I... DEAD?
PART OF YOU, SO I'M TOLD, WAS NEVER QUITE ALIVE. BUT NO, YOU'RE NOT DEAD... YOU'RE... OH...
...I JUST NOTICED, YOU'VE A FLECK OF DIRT ON YOUR FACE. HERE, LET ME BRUSH IT OFF. I'LL JUS--
"THE COACH HIT THE CURB...
"...JOGGED HIM. MADE HIM DROP...
"...WHAT HE WAS HOLDING."

"IT WAS MY DREAM.
"MY DREAM. AND I DIDN'T LIKE IT. NO, NOT ANY-MORE.
...HELP ME PURGE...
...MY INADEQUACIES...
...TO DO IT... YOU...A SACRIF--
"SO WHY COULDN'T I WAKE UP?
HELP ME...
--NHH!
"RUNNING, I WAS AWARE OF HOW THE LAYOUT OF THESE STREETS WAS ROUGHLY THE SAME AS MY ORLEANS.
"AND YET SO DIFFERENT. THE LOOK. THE FEW PEOPLE I GLIMPSED AS I FLED PAST THEM.
"ALL SO DIFFERENT."

"I WOKE IN MY ROOM, WET WITH SWEAT."
SCARED...MY HIDEOUT, SAFETY THERE... I NO LONGER FELT IT. I COULDN'T WAKE UP. OH, MAMA, I--
HUSH NOW. REST. GOT ME SOME POSSUM COOKIN' IN THE POT. MEAL'S WHAT YO NEED.
THE HOURS PASS. DEX SLEEPS DREAMLESS SLUMBER AND AWAKENS REFRESHED, ONCE MORE THE BRASH YOUNG MAN.
I'LL BE GOING NOW, MAMA. S'FUNNY, I CAME HERE FOR ADVICE N'MAYBE ONE OF YOUR VOODOO CHARMS TO PROTECT ME!
AND ALL I REALLY NEEDED WAS FOOD AND REST!
THAT'S AS MAY BE. BUT YO' TAKE MY WORDS TO HEART IF YO' VALUE'M AT ALL.
ANY MORE "DREAMS" OCCUR, YO' ACT THE SAME WAY, YO' RUN, YO' FIGHT, YO' WATCH YOUR BACK! BE CARE-FUL, BOY!
I HEAR YOU, MAMA, I HEAR YOU. BUT I KNOW I WAS JUST BEING SILLY. I KNOW...
...IT WAS ALL JUST A DREAM.
MAMA BEAU HAD READ THE ENTRAILS OF HER FAVORITE ROOSTER, A WEEK PRIOR. THEY'D TOLD HER THIS WOULD HAPPEN... THE DREAM AND DEX'S FEARS ABOUT IT.
BUT IT IS HIS DESTINY, SOMETHING HE MUST ENCOUNTER UNFORE-WARNED, AND SO BECOME STRONGER BY OVERCOMING IT. SHE COULDN'T TELL HIM WHAT SHE KNEW... THAT IT WASN'T A DREAM...
...THAT IT HAD REALLY HAPPENED.
ALGIERS, AN AREA OF NEW ORLEANS THAT NEVER SAW BETTER DAYS. A PLACE OF MICE AND VICE AND MOLD AND MISERY.
SO DID THEY GET HIM? DEX MUNGO?
TO TOM AND ICE AUGUSTINE, STRANGERS TO THIS PLACE... IT ALREADY SEEMS LIKE HOME.
IN THE ECTOSPHERE? NO. THEY SENT FISH TO CATCH THE BOY. IT ALL WENT AWRY.
SO WHAT NEXT?
HE'S GET INVOLVED... FIRSTHAND...
...AND DEX MUNGO IS SUDDENLY A BOY WITH A LOT OF TROUBLE AHEAD OF HIM.

TO BE CONTINUED IN ECTOSID #11

His name is Dex Mungo. He is the son of a living black woman and a dead white man. He is half-black and half-white. Half living. Half dead.

He is the Ectokid, a young boy who can squeeze his ectoplasm, the ghost-goo often called a soul, from his breathing body and slip through the lightless exits of this world into the next.

His stories and struggles are those of the Ectosphere, an "in-between" world of shadows reflecting our world throughout time. Here Dex meets those souls that still cling to the living world, afraid or unable to move on; Jack and Bobby Kennedy question Lee Oswald, Jimmy Hoffa argues with Al Capone and Janis Joplin sits alone guzzling ectoplasm.

It is a dark world of deceivers, of tricksters and shape-shifters; a world of ancient evil collected into demons called incubi and succubi. It is a world of falling dreams and ghost stories; a world where death is only the beginning.

—Larry Wachowski

AFTERWORDS

What do the guys at Marvel do when someone like Clive Barker turns up on their doorstep with a few worlds in his pocket? They jump him, create a new imprint, and hand him the tools to make a universe...

And that, more or less, is how **RAZORLINE**, tales from **the Barkerverse**, was born. The moment Marvel gave the green light, Clive, a comics fanboy from way back, rolled up his sleeves, dug deep into those pockets, and started building. And no big surprise, he's turning out places, characters, and stories that **nobody's** seen or heard before!

Allow me to introduce myself as the consulting editor on the Razorline series. You may know my name as one of the contributing writers on the Hellraiser comics. Or you might know me from my acting days as the guy who played the drunken priest in Nightbreed.

I've been lucky enough to be working with Clive on several projects during the past couple of years, the introduction of the Harrowers into the Hellraiser mythology, a new and as yet still secret screenplay idea, and a couple of mind-twisting video game projects, to name a few.

One of the most exciting parts of working with Clive is watching how an idea of his evolves and takes shape. All four of the new RAZORLINE titles sprung to life at amazingly fast rates. Some, like "Saint Sinner," started as mere titles, others developed out of just a line or a visual Clive had remembered from a dream. A few faltered early on, and got stored away to be looked at again at some later date.

But the four you've just read samples of **mushroomed** into abundant mythologies at a rate that forbid any protest of their right to survive. And the writers on these titles have discovered what I've known for a while now, that in working with one of Clive's ideas, you don't just hit the ground running, you find yourself in the middle of a relay race with a handful of batons, and a choice of fifty routes to the finish line!

Razorline. Marvel's gone the distance on this one. So has Clive, and one hell of a group of talented writers and artists. Now it's your turn. Hold on tight.

-Malcolm Smith, Consulting Editor

The hardest part about writing this is knowing you've heard it all before.

You've had "new and exciting" shoved at you so often that a flinching reaction has become almost second nature. Your critical judgment is scarred with disappointment, overuse and abuse. But somewhere under the growing cynicism is a certainty that the best ideas haven't yet been done, and a giddy anticipation at the promise of real magic lurking just behind that next cover.

"Hey Rocky, watch me pull a really new and exciting idea out of my hat."
"Again? That trick never works."
"This time for sure! "

And this time, it is for sure. This time, the promise is sealed in an envelope of wonder mailed to you from one of today's most creative and innovative talents. He's the man who has taken every genre he's met as a challenge, taking the *is* and transforming it into the best of *might be*, to create the new form of energy coined the *fantastique*. His name is Clive Barker, and this is his vision of the super hero: that being comprised of the best and worst of each of us. This is the magic of a brave new adventure.

So go ahead, raise your expectations. Realize, after what you've had a taste of here, that the excitement isn't gone, and that the best ideas are yet to come.

And that it's never too late to change the world.

-Marc McLaurin, Editor

SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF CLIVE BARKER

From the boundless imagination of writer/producer/director **Clive Barker**, four new titles burst onto the scene—into the realm of **super heroes** with a barkerian twist!

Once, long ago, super heroes were real. Now the power is reborn into four products of the grit and glitz of Hollywood Boulevard. A jock, a rich girl, a drug addict, and a child of the streets. They will become the heroes of a new generation – if they can survive.

Meet Dex Mungo, sometime thief, full-time street rat; half-human, and half-ghost. Enter his realm, the Ectosphere—a wondrous and often deadly place of fantasy, horror and gritty action, between the here and the hereafter.

In a masterful mix of magic, comedy and explosive suspense, failed stand-up comic Trip Munroe becomes the last line of defense against a powerful extra-dimensional overlord—in other words, Earth's last, hope...is a joke.

Possessed by two entities from another dimension, the boy Philip Fetter must now exist in that small space between them, as a man trapped between light and dark; good and evil. He's gained incredible power, at the cost of his youth, his life, and his very sanity.

What Clive Barker did for horror, he's about to do for super heroes.